

Easter At Lorraine's

Staff Writer

This Easter Sunday was spent with my wife's family enjoying a traditional Easter Feast complete with copious amounts of foods of every imaginable type. I was taking a hiatus from the normal Easter dinner at mom's, for she was spending some time in Italy.

Present at this gathering were, in no particular order;
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The Elkhart Connection-Part II

By Arthur Bilancio

The following letter is a response to an article written about a branch of our family tree, and its possible relations. Arthur has written back to try to clarify any connection which might exist.

We received La Vigna and we were surprised to see us mentioned. I will give you as much information as I can.

My father came to this country in 1911 from Volturara, Appula, Foggia which is about 15 or 20 miles from

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Gathered here we see: Back row-Katherine Chianese & Susan Janinka; Front row- Mary Lynn Nazzaro, Angela Dixon & Claudia Schultz as they gather to celebrate Angela's graduation. See Letter on page 3.

The Jewish Connection

By Lewis Bilancio

When La Vigna was first issued, the earliest substantial donation was \$100 from Mr. Milner, a Jewish friend, who thought a family newspaper was a wonderful idea. Furthermore, those who look at the names of our extended family cannot help seeing Jewish surnames.

While we were in Florida last winter, Bernice noticed the words "La Vigna" on an office sign. It was someone's last name! I looked up the telephone number, called and asked from what part of Italy the family came. They laughed and said the name may have come from Italy but they did not. The name came from China!

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The Bride and Groom as they leave the church.

Ronald Armenti Weds

Melina Occhino

June 1, 1996. It was the perfect day for a wedding, the weather was outstanding, and the family was all in attendance. A more radiant bride has yet to grace a church altar anywhere, and her handsome groom was certainly a perfect match in every way,

The service was performed at Saint Rose of Lima Church, in East Hanover, NJ by the very cordial and down to earth Msgr. Fleming, long time friend and spiritual advisor of the Armenti family. The reception was held at the Sheraton Tara Hotel in Parsippany, NJ. It commenced at five pm and

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Bella Italia or Quanto Sei Brutto?

By Betty Acquaviva

Ask anyone and they will tell you that Italy is a beautiful country with lots of old world charm. Well I've just returned from an eight day tour of Italy and let me tell you, Italy is beautiful, true, but the hotels and the serving staff could use a little charm course or a course in public relations. We landed in Milan and promptly motored to Venice. Now,

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Cousins

or, Nonchalant in Atlanta

By Corinne Bilancio

The focus of the world will be on Atlanta this summer as the Olympic Games take off. But the thought of Atlanta brings me back twenty-five years to several extended summer vacations with my father's brother Leo, Aunt Dorothy and my cousins Ivan and Jane. Jane was 6, I was 10 and Ivan was 12.

Jane and I were natural allies: we were both girls, only

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Armenti Wedding-cont.

occupied four rooms at the hotel including the Grand Ball Room. The hotel was a modernized English Tudor style of architecture that was both lavish and comfortable. The guests assembled at five for family photos and the beginning of the reception hour. Newly weds met new family in-laws and mingled as photographers snapped away. There was a pre-reception reception with opulence shown everywhere. A piano player entertained the gathering well wishers, while fresh shrimp, oysters, crab, and a variety of fruits, crackers and cheeses were offered below an ice sculpture reminiscent of the hotel itself. The rooms held various "stations" for guests to sample such things as turkey breast, freshly carved for their snacking pleasure, a pasta bar which featured numerous forms of pasta in exquisite sauces, as well as an open bar for all the guests to enjoy. As the main reception began, the three hundred guests found their way to their beautifully adorned tables to await the entrance of Dr. and Mrs. Ronald Armenti, being presented publicly for the first time anywhere. The grooms brother, Steven Armenti, made the toast and things got under way. The evening was orchestrated by the musical stylings of Pane et Cioccolato, a six man electric band, that played sets of traditional wedding songs mixed with dance music alternating with the serving of the meal's courses. All seemed to enjoy the dining and dancing, which did not cease until midnight as the guests moved through a reception line to greet the couple and personally congratulate them one last time. It was by far one of the most successful and enjoyable weddings I have ever attended.



La Vigna's Jewish Connection cont.

Their Jewish great-grandfather's surname had been Lavine. He was an American soldier with an international force in China during the Boxer Rebellion. He met and liked the Italian soldiers who were also in the international force. Hence he translated his surname into Italian.

When I consulted the national telephone list, I found several dozen La Vigna families in the New York and Florida areas. There are none in the Trenton area. Near Glassboro there is a La Vigna restaurant which I hope to visit soon.



Correction



The last issue of La Vigna suffered from the last minute syndrome and a computer error (yeah, right) which misnumbered the volume/issue numbers and omitted the issue name banner from the front page.

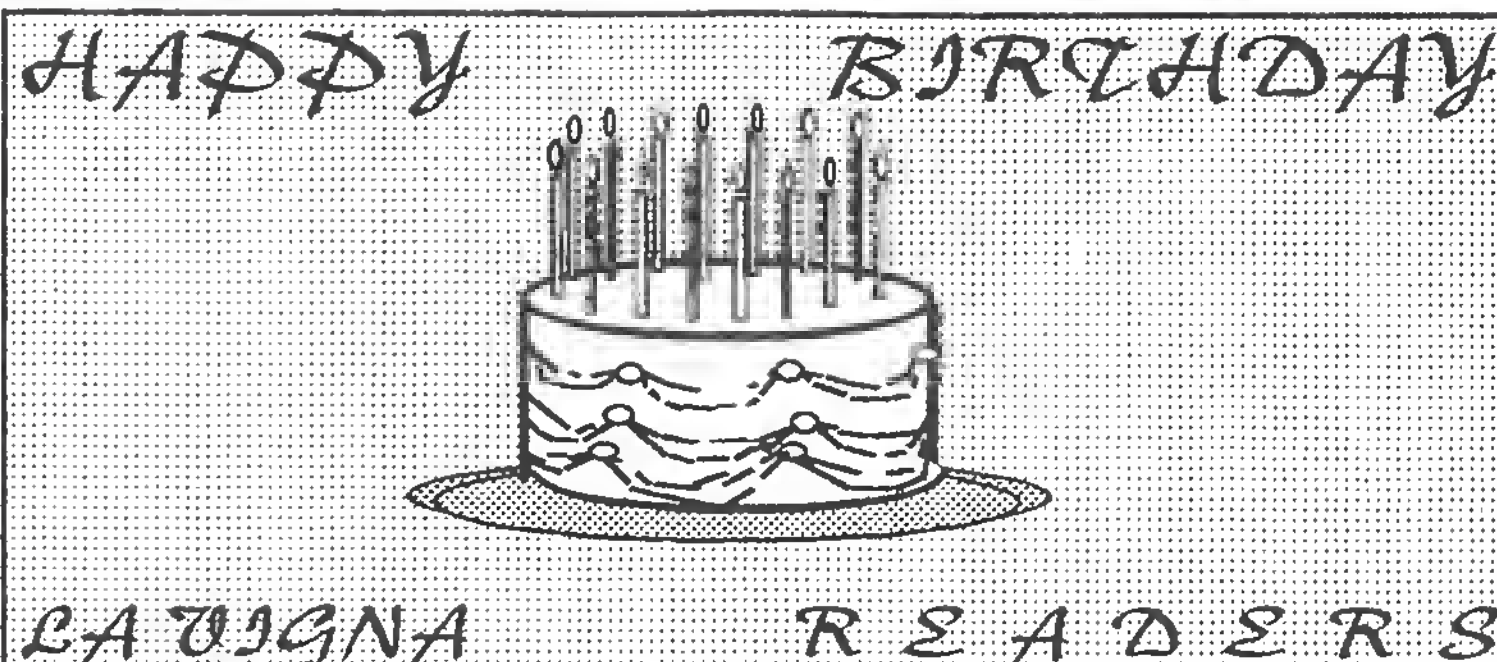
The correct banner should have read: Vol XIII, Issue 1, Spring issue, April 1996.



Senior Editor.....Dean Acquaviva
Assistant Editor.....Clora Acquaviva
Editorial Director.....Angelo Chianese
Circulation.....William Bilancio
Style Consultant.....Robert Immordino

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May

May 1....Willie Bilancio
May 9....Brian Dixon
Francesca Garzio
May 11...Jacalyn Anthony
May 22...David Valentino
May 24...Joey Gervasio
May 26...Chris Chianese
May 28...Craig Chianese
May 30...Brent Schutts

June

June 5....Fred Esposito
June 9....Jennie Immordino
June 13...Terri Klepczynski
June 14...Luigi Roberts-Bilancio
Gary Wayne Schultz
Susan Chianese
June 15...Steven Gervasio
June 16...Verdi Bilancio
June 18...Dominic Gervasio
June 19...Archie Bilancio
Roberta Immordino
June 22...Alex Chianese
Robby Chianese
Daniel Cohen
June 23...Kevin Dixon
June 24...Rita Chianese
June 24...Paul Salninka
Vanessa Chianese
June 26...Ira Roberts-Bilancio
Claudia Schutts
June 30...Gary Chianese

July

July 6....Jillian Chianese
July 12...Gina Cramer
July 13...Tony Chianese
July 16...Ray Klepczynski
July 17...Jamie MacLeod
July 19...William Bilancio
July 22...John Johnson
July 24...Diane Chianese
July 25...Lorraine Anthony
July 28...Kristeena Anthony
July 29...Francis DeVito-Cohen
Mary Lynn Nazzaro
July 31...Dan Nazzaro

THIS IS just a little note of appreciation for the wonderful memories of my sister Jean Chiacchio, who recently passed away. All of our departed loved ones have left an emptiness in our hearts.

Thank You

Theresa "Chianese" Guerra

Editors Note: We at *La Vigna* are always delighted to hear from our readers and learn how our modest publication affects them. Again our sympathy goes out to all those near and dear to Jean Chiacchio, and thank you Theresa, for taking the time to write and share your thoughts of your sister.

Spreading The Good News

Dear *La Vigna*

June 16, 1996

NO Circulation Editor William Bilancio,

want to have my dear relatives in Trenton receive a *La Vigna*. I thought they were, but I should have asked before. *a Vigna* is great and connects me to the extended family as far away as I am.

Please send the most recent copy of *La Vigna* to Joseph Chianese, there are many other families who should get the newsletter, but I'll let Joe tell them about it.

Here's a contribution for all your work.

Thanks, Bob Chianese, Ventura CA

Interesting Internet site

By KCSMacLeod (Carolyn MacLeod)

to Mackimouse. Hi Dean. I found a new site on the Internet for pursuing Italian surnames and genealogy. It was mentioned in a recent *New York Times* article entitled "Drawing a Family History Out of Cyberspace." The site is (<http://www.cimorelli.com/pie/piehome>) PIE stands for Pursuing our Italian names together in E-Mail." I browsed briefly and it seems like it could be a good source of information for our families. When Dad comes up, I'll get him on and let him see what's available. I even think *a Vigna* could be put out on the web! Just a thought..

I hope you can add this info to *La Vigna*.

Regards to everyone, Carolyn

Editors Note: Underlined words are screen names or on-line family members. If this stuff sounds like greek to you talk to Carolyn MacLeod, William Bilancio or myself at this year's *La Vigna* Family Picnic and we'll try to explain.

Letter From A Grads Mom

Dear *La Vigna*,

Here's a news flash for all your readers. I hope this finds all of you and your families on good shape. I hope to see all of you at the picnic. Pray it isn't 100 degrees in the shade.

mankind! What intelligent, artistic, useful activity do you do with the other hand while you eat ice cream?

I called the Princeton Cafe to find out what Einstein did with his other hand when he ate sherbet. They hung up on me! On television I saw President Clinton eat ice cream with his other hand in his pocket!

At this rate in only a few million years mankind will become monomaneal. One arm will become a useless vestige. Mankind will no longer be able to pray!

Eva will no doubt organize a movement for the preservation of bimanual dexterity. She has her work cut out for her. People will smirk, they will be jealous. They will even accuse her of sinister motives.

Nevertheless at our next picnic she will give lessons in bimanual rehabilitation. Bring two spoons!

Lew Bilancio



Eva Schoening, alias "Two Spoons", pictured here after a recent ice cream foray, will be attending this year's picnic.

LaVigna: Vintage In The Vaults

By Dean Acquaviva

Have you ever stopped and thought back over the twelve years that we have been sending you *La Vigna* and wondered, "what was in all of those issues anyway?"

La Vigna has had a long lived and proud history, and I'm not sure how many of us have a complete set of *La Vigna* back issues.

Well, for some time now it has been a dream of mine to have all the issues of *La Vigna's* twelve year history archived on the *La Vigna* computer.

This dream began when we started using a Macintosh Power PC computer to produce *La Vigna*. This allows pictures, text, and graphics to be merged, sized and moved around in the computer before printing.

The next bold step in this grand scheme was the purchase of a massive storage facility in which to place the precious back issues.

The storage device I purchased for this is known as a Zip Drive. It's a hard dive which operates on removable disks

I Know Hugh: I No Hugh

By Angelojohn Chianese

Hugh know, for the longest time, I believed that Hugh Noe was a pseudonym for long-time friend and cousin-by-marriage, Dean Acquaviva: the wry humor, slightly off-beat verbal equivalent of the hand drawn cartoons that have graced La Vigna's pages in the past; the tongue-in-cheek approach that paralleled Dean's extraordinary artistic cultural expression; the rambling on in a meditative style kin to his conversational signature. Dead ringer. Piece of cake. Wrong. Wrong hue.

This "being" or "non-being" knew too much, too many "inside" family secrets; seemed to have an almost omniscient cognizance of things "La Vignesque", the down and dirty of the Bilancio's, Acquaviva's, Immordino's, Roberts', MacLeod's, Gervasio's, etc. the inner workings and intrigues. Who in the world (or out of it) would possibly have access to this information?

Then it hit me. Big time. The solution was there, bright and crystal as the blue in Dean's monitor-wed eyeballs. It was in fact, Dean's fingers that walked the information through the keyboard and word processor units of La Vigna's editorial copy rooms; but it was the spirits of Louis G. and Rose Chianese Bilancio whispering notes of recollection and love, sometimes through Clara to Dean, sometimes directly through Dean himself... Hugh Noe is nothing other than Dean channeling Rosa and Luigi Bilancio.

Editor's Response: I am deeply honored to be included in this romantic prose that my silver tongued cousin Angelojohn has spun from the pages of La Vigna into a beautiful parable rivaling that of Aesop himself. But with a heavy heart I must inform Angelojohn that I am not the medium through which Hugh Noe materializes each issue. I do like to believe I am keeping the tradition of Louis and Rose Carolyn alive in the spirit of family communication, but your theory really hasn't got a ghost of a chance at unmasking Hugh Noe Hu.



La Vigna: Vintage From The Vaults-cont.

fell into place when I attended the annual computer fair at Mercer County Community College. It was there that with the help of my brother Drew, I was able to purchase a used scanner.

By using this scanner, I can place a digital image of each page of every issue onto a storage disk in the Zip Drive. Approximately ten issues of *La Vigna* can fit onto one Zip drive storage disk. These images, when properly labeled, and organized will become a permanent library which can serve many purposes including; furnishing readers with back issues that they are missing, allowing us to include reprints of anything from a complete article, to a small representation of a full page shrunk down to a size that fits anywhere on the page.

I hope to make this archive available in all its forms to all the *La Vigna* readers. I will retain the original copies which readers may peruse any time they make arraignments to do so. I will provide copies to readers who make requests for issues, if they cover the cost of the copies. Anyone who has a computer would need to provide disks and inform me of which specific issues they want and I will copy the file to disk.

I may even take the suggestion of some of our readers and offer the archives to the Library of Congress for perpetuity. This process is one which I believe very strongly in and

Continued bottom of next column

Cousins cont.

a few years apart in age, and there was a big brother who had to be stood up to. Ivan wasted no time in declaring a pecking order. One morning he informed us that he was the king, and we were hovering somewhere around slave level. This called for a girl conference, after which we marched out of Jane's room, into Ivan's, and informed him that we were empresses and that we would be referring to him in future as The Barbarian.

Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Leo had no trouble taking our various shenanigans in good-humored stride. Aunt Dorothy's language was sprinkled with some colorful Southern expressions: If you were "madder than a scalded dog" then you were likely to have "a double-duck fit." In which case Uncle Leo had his own homegrown comment: "Don't get your urine in a boil."

He had many occasions to utter these words of wisdom. The rivalry between Ivan and us girls was spirited. One day when we felt particularly aggrieved, we went to Uncle Leo and demanded that Ivan be put on trial. Our idea was not met with interest. In the following days we continued to insist that justice must be served (i.e. pestered Uncle Leo to no end), so he finally gave in and Ivan was put on trial. It was of course natural that Uncle Leo be the judge, and you can guess who the enthusiastic prosecutors were. It is a tribute to Uncle Leo's wisdom (or to our youth) that after the trial we felt vindicated in spite of the complete vagueness of the verdict.

As an only child, I was having a crash course in siblings. And although Jane and I were staunch allies, the collaboration could also cross gender lines. One day Ivan and I went for a walk in the woods behind their house. We came across an old beat-up rubber raft. Ivan got a great idea, "Let's fix this raft up and enter the Chattahoochee River Raft Race." I was very excited about the idea of a project with my big cousin. I pictured us in my mind, out in the middle of the river, paddling furiously as we made our way ahead of all of the other rafts. Uncle Leo, Aunt Dorothy and Jane would be on the banks, cheering wildly as we came to the finish line before everyone else. But first we had to in secret, repair the raft. Get a bicycle pump, patch it up, work hard. For now it was a battle between the decaying old raft and our youthful energy. The decaying old raft won.

There were numerous advantages to being at Uncle Leo's. One, for example, was television. Unlike my home Uncle Leo had one, although we didn't get to watch much. I was there during the Watergate trials. It was bad enough that we didn't get to watch cartoons, but to have to be subjected to a whole summer of hearing bureaucrats saying "to the best of my recollection", was almost beyond bearing.

But we were not lacking in video entertainment. We occasionally went to the movies at Lenox Plaza. I saw my first James Bond film, Dr. No, after a full briefing by Ivan who seemed to know quite a bit about 007. We saw Mary Poppins, which I proudly left with dry eyes, convinced that I must have practically reached adulthood. But the best film was the Charlie Chaplin classic, "The Great Dictator." We

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Vaults cont.

enjoy doing very much. It will take some time to complete so please hold requests until after the family picnic.



The Elkhart Connection-Part II-cont.

campobasso. My mother also came here in 1911 from San erevo, a small town close to Foggia.

My father had a cousin who lived in Orange, NJ whose name was Bilancio, I believe he was a butcher. In 1945, while stationed at camp Kilmer, I visited with their family when I was going overseas.

There is another Bilancio family who was my dad's brother so there are quite a few Bilancios in South Bend, IN.

Dan is my son, he saw Leo Bilancio's name in a college newspaper. That's how we found out there were lots of Bilancios.

S:I doubt if we will ever attend your family picnic, but it would be fun. Oh! by the way, about 12 years ago we were visited by Fran Bilancio and Angelica Roberts, and their son Ira. I believe they were going to Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Editors Note: I came across an article which related to this story. You can find the original article by Dan Bilancio in the December 84 issue, the first year La Vigna was published.



Cousins-cont.

all loved it; Uncle Leo laughed so hard that Jane and I could barely hear the dialogue. That plus our embarrassment forced Jane and me to seek seats elsewhere in the theater.

Jane and Ivan were much better technologically equipped than I was - in addition to having a tv in the house, they each had their own record player. You may be wondering what music Jane and I listened to. Remember 1971? The sixties spirit still in swing, rock music, flower children. Well, Jane and I were not exactly avant garde musically: we listened to a lot of Herb Alpert, with an occasional break for our other favorite, "Winchester Cathedral," (possibly Jane's only other record?) You'll be relieved to know that some progress was made by the following summer -- Jane's room sported David Cassidy (as well as Robert Redford) posters. I did wonder why their eyes were taped over, until Jane explained that she sure as heck was not about to get undressed in front of them. This arrangement was a considerable improvement over the month before, where she had been in the habit of getting dressed in the closet and coming out with her clothes on backwards.

Ivan was a bit more in touch with the times. "Tommy" emanated frequently (putting it mildly) from his room. I could not understand how a rock group could have a name like "The Who," but then Ivan looked me right in the eye and informed me that it was a "rock opera," leaving me nonplussed.

One day Ivan, Jane and I were playing outside and we needed a piece of equipment from the house for whatever project we were cooking up -- I can't remember what the equipment was, just that it was something we weren't supposed to have. Well, we weren't expected back inside for a while, so one of us just had to sneak in and get it. It didn't take long for Ivan and Jane to nominate the new cousin on the block for the errand. "What do I do if Uncle Leo or Aunt Dorothy see me?", I asked. "Just act nonchalant," responded Ivan. Boy, my big cousin sure did know some big words. After Ivan explained the meaning to me, I went casually yet cautiously into the house. As I walked in, I

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Bella Italia cont.

Venice is one of my favorite spots on this earth and still is, but the tour guide booked us into a summer hotel which, since it was not summertime, had no heat. We were on the Bay of Venice so at night we really froze! Venice itself was really beautiful. I took a gondola ride and my sister-in-law, Jennie Acquaviva nearly fell overboard before we even left the dock. She then proceeded to tell me that she had never learned to swim. All this notwithstanding we enjoyed an hour of leisurely floating through the canals of Venice, taking in the sights and looking at points of interest. We saw the house where Marco Polo was born and many other sights, including the Marano Glass works. I fell in love with a Venetian glass clown and just had to buy him. He now resides in my living room.

We left the town of Venice with its St. Mark's Square and the beautiful churches, Harry's Bar and all its charm and went to Verona. I managed to see the Capulet house and the statue of Juliet that her father had erected in her memory, and also the famous balcony. I was truly enthralled. I had taught Romeo and Juliet for many years to the freshman class but had never seen the house or the balcony before. We also had one of our students' pocket picked while he was using an outside phone to call his mother to let her know that he was all right. The kids on the bus took up a collection to "Save Jake".

From Verona we motored to Florence, the city of red tile roofs and Michaelangelo's David. We toured the churches and the squares and in general just enjoyed the atmosphere of art everywhere. We stayed in Florence two days and managed to see the Ponte Vecchio with all its gold shops. (No, I didn't buy any gold) .

From Florence we motored to Assisi and toured the church and the small town. It was truly impressive. Bought a few souvenirs and had lunch outside of a small cafe. I got pretty good at figuring out the money and soon I knew what I was paying in American coin and the prices didn't seem so high. Then we went to Pisa. No matter how many times I see the Leaning Tower, I am still amazed at this feat of engineering. It is still beautiful even if it is covered with scaffolding. My sister and her sister-in-law, Mary Zelly were so impressed with the Duomo. The acoustics there are so incredible, the watchman can sing in perfect harmony with himself. The church is similar to all other churches of this era, the ceiling is beautiful and the altars are unbelievable. We left Pisa with a feeling for the Tower and a hunger for the olives which grew abundantly in the groves of the small near-by towns.

From Pisa we began the long journey to Rome. Rome is a beautiful city, with all the old ruins, unfortunately our hotel was one of them. My traveling companion and I were given a room with no key! The manager assured me that should I become locked out of my room, he would come to the third floor to let me in. I asked him what I should do if one of the students I was responsible for should need me in the middle of the night, should I come down three flights of stairs in my Bahama tee shirt and have him open the door for me? He then said he would have one made for me. The shower

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Cousins-cont.

looked up and saw Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Leo standing in the hallway, locked in a clinch. They looked down at me. I looked up at them. What was that word again, Ivan



Easter At Lorraine's-cont.

Lorraine Anthony, our convivial hostess, and her family Sylvia Bilan, Lewis Bilancio, Beatrice Johnson and her family, myself and my wife Clara and our boys, Lucy Gervasio, and Phyllis Gervasio. Terry Bilancio was in attendance briefly, and Terry's son William was present with his wife Carolyn and precious daughter Avery.

There was ample time to exchange pleasantries as we settled in at Lorraine's house, which was warm with an air of welcome.

Soon we were sharing a wonderful meal, good company and cheer. All present were pleasantly surprised when Corinne Schoning, her husband Peter and their daughter, Eva made their grand entrance. They brought greetings from their Florida visit to Boca Raton, and also scenes of domestic tranquility from their home in Denmark thanks to the magic of videotape supplied by Lew, Corinne's father. The younger generation, now working their way into adulthood, massed to exchange greetings and catch up on gossip they hadn't heard yet. The older generation did much the same with some interjections of remembrances of holidays past.

Traditional main courses of ham, lasagna, meatballs, escarole, and salads (including dandelions) led into the inevitable parade of desserts each more tantalizing than the last. Cheese cakes, chocolate layer cake, brownies, It was impossible to tell from the remembrances of other gastronomical forays if this one was as good as those in years gone by, or if they set the standard that this one ably lived up to.

There is definitely something to be said for the warm, secure feeling of having a virtual cornucopia of food at one's disposal to enjoy at your leisure in the comfort of someone's well appointed home, but it all pales by comparison when you consider the fulfillment one gets from making contact with our extended family which these gatherings allow us to enjoy. The anecdotes we hear our elders relate to us, the jokes we pass around, the information we catch up on, keeping us abreast of the goings-on in each branch of the family tree, nowhere else can we get this kind of contact. There are many things to be gained by gathering together to honor the major holidays, but it is also important to collect the few around us we can for the intimate gatherings which enrich our lives in ways that only our family can.



Bella Italia cont.

in the rooms left lots to be desired. In our room, the shower was behind the bathroom door. If you opened the door, you had about eight inches in which to shower. Did I mention that there were no shower curtains and nothing but a hole with a grate over it to catch the water? We were fortunate, though. My sister and Mary had two inches of water in the bedroom after they took a shower. The wastebasket and other things were floating in the bedroom. When we looked out in the hallway, the entire hallway was afloat with water. I guess everyone decided to take a shower at once!

I was disappointed in the food. Don't get me wrong, the pasta was delicious and I enjoyed all the different kinds presented. The bread was marvelous, as was the wine,

I just didn't care for the way the meat was prepared, and in some restaurants, as soon as you finished your meal they were clearing the table, indicating that it was time for you to leave. But as the leader said, "If you want American service, food and hotels, STAY HOME!"

Please don't feel that I didn't enjoy Italy and have a good time, I did. We saw the Pope at St. Peter's Square, bought medals, rosary beads and such and had them blessed by the Pope. We visited the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel, which was marvelous. The ceiling has been restored since the last time I was there, and the art work is breath taking.

I left Italy with much more than I came with: an appreciation for art renewed, awe of the ruins, and wonder that so much beauty and art could be formed in such a short period of time and remain standing to this day.



A Tribute To Cousin Millie

My Friend

By Susan A. Garzio

It's been a year now, (just before Mother's Day) that she's been gone.

A very humble, giving soul... she did not demand much. Her life you might say, was one of devotion, living, serving others mostly, thus undergoing many trials.

Those who knew her mother, Aunt Maria know how very demanding and possessive she was of Millie. It's terrible to say, but it is the truth.

As Aunt Maria became difficult (at about ninety-seven years of age), Millie was having health problems but didn't let on to her mom the nature of her problem. At this time they had to put aunt Maria in a very nice nursing home in Ewing, near by.

No sooner did Millie have an opportunity to live in tranquility --she found out she'd have to have radium treatments every day--which she decided-- best to go to her daughter's to stay, until treatments were completed.

Millie recuperated slowly but not before her mom passed away. Her mom never knew it was cancer that was keeping Millie from visiting her (only occasionally) in the few months she was in the "home".

Millie appeared to be doing well and I believe we all felt relieved that she finally may have had a life of her own to live.

She had finally resumed playing cards with us (Teresa, Lina, Mary Bender, and I) whenever she could.

Her freedom was short lived as cancer befell her once again 9-10 months later.

Millie was my compassionate, understanding friend. I miss our meeting at the Parkside Diner for breakfast (every 3 weeks or so.) I miss our "sharings" by phone. I can still hear her voice. She was always there for me.

Millie, none of us here have ANY doubt that you are at the Lord's side (deservingly so). I know you are praying for us now as you always have in the past. Thank you for being my TRUE FRIEND. In Loving Memory, Sue.

PS: Isn't it ironic how Millie died just in time for Mother's Day, as if Aunt Maria was calling for her to be at her side again.



James Colavita

A Feeling Of Loss

Staff Writer

James Colavita was a lover unparalleled; he showed us all how to love life, how to love animals and the beauty of nature, and he showed us how to love each other.

James was a quiet unassuming man, until you engaged him in conversation about his passion: his art. He was an accomplished sculptor who never took his craft for granted. He always approached his art as if he were discovering it for the first time and maybe he always was. He was eager to listen to praise or criticism as if he were an amateur rather than the polished master he showed himself to be time after time.

James will be missed in so many ways by so many people; his family to whom he was always extremely close, his students to whom he was an inspiration, to his contemporaries to whom he was a source of encouragement, and wonder, and the community in general who will be forever impoverished by the absence of his infectious positive spirit, and his eye trained to find the fun in life as well as its beauty.

Carmelina

July 25 1909- April 26 1996

Carmela (DiAngelo) Castaldi of Rome, Italy, whom we know as Carmelina died on 24 April, 1996. She was cremated and entombed next to her husband Domenico in the Prima Porta Cemetery off Via Aurelia near Rome.

She was born on July 25, 1909. Her mother Angelina had five brothers: Pasquale, Nicola, Joseph, Peter, Alfonso, and two sisters Maria and Antonetta. These are all deceased. Their surviving children, first cousins, are (Pasquale) Ottillio; (Nicola) Myself, Jennie Immordino, Silvia Bilan, and Lorraine Anthony, Leo and Rose deceased; (Joseph) Maria Armenti, Lucy Gervasio and Louis and Ralph deceased; (Alfonso) Ada; (Maria) Prospero, Salvatore, Alfonso, Maria Rosa; (Antonetta) Francis Cohen, and Fred and Raymond deceased.

Carmelina was much more than a first cousin to me for her family was my family while I soldiered during World War II in Italy. In those tragic years her husband was drafted, and the Germans evicted her from her home in Lido di Rome because they feared an Allied invasion. Most of her possessions had to be left behind, and disappeared. She was lucky to find a city crowded with refugees since Rome was declared an Open City immune from the war. There were no shelters.

But her apartment on Via Ostiense was not far from the railroad. And when the "Open City" was bombed in July, 1943, by more than 500 Allied planes her second floor apartment shook like a tremendous earthquake. 15,000 civilians were killed in that bombardment. Only a few houses away there was a six-floor apartment building that was split down the middle.

On days off I would go to Carmelinas house and play with her children. They are grown now: Claudio is a doctor at the Polyclinic hospital; Amalia teaches junior high school, and Roberto works with computers at Alitalia Airline headquarters.

Carmelina is survived by a sister Rosinella who visited us in the U.S. Many of us remember her brother Mimi now deceased, who came to America several times.

Carmelina lived in the tradition of my mother Carolina, my sister Rose, my sister-in-law Dorothy. For them the world was far more than material things. They wore few ornaments, their only gold was in their hearts. In their dwellings I felt at home. With Carmelina's passing another part of me has died, and I feel even more a stranger in this world.

Her daughter Amalia wrote a poem shortly after the funeral which is here included with an approximate translation.

A Mamma

Non e un cielo freddo quello in cui
ti cerco, questa notte, Mamma.
Palpita del tuo calore.
Si illumina dei tuoi sorrisi.
E una notte di ricordi,
di fiabe incantate,
di profumi acerbi e poi maturi;
di colori sfumati
dalle tue mani delicate.
E notte mamma.
Ma l'aurora sara sulle tue labbra,
e i tuoi occhi di perla, che ora riposano,
risplenderanno ancora ovunque
ci sia un cielo onesto.



Carmelina 1909-1996

To Mamma

It is not a cold sky in which
I seek you tonight, Mamma.
It throbs with your warmth
And is illuminated by your smiles.
For it is a night of memories,
Of enchanted fairy tales,
Of scents first bitter and then sweet
Of colors softened
By your delicate hands.
It is night, Mamma,
But there will be sunrise on your lips,
And your eyes of pearl now at rest,
Will shine again
Wherever there be a true heaven

La Cucina

Aunt Mary's Tuna Balls

2 cans of tuna packed in oil
7 slices of stale bread
1/2 cup of grated Italian cheese
(Romano, Parmesan etc.)

2 eggs
1-2 small cloves garlic (minced)
1/2 medium onion (chopped)
1 tablespoon Fresh parsley (chopped)

lightly beat the egg with the grated cheese, salt, pepper and parsley. Wet the stale bread and squeeze out until no more liquid remains; put it in a bowl and mix well with all other ingredients. Form into medium sized balls and fry gently in oil until lightly browned. Carefully place in your own marinara sauce and cook on medium-low heat until cooked (30 minutes-one hour).

The recipe above may be adapted to a low fat, low calorie one by using any or all of the following:

- . Tuna packed in water and drained.
- . Two egg whites substituted for one egg.
- . Baking the tuna balls in a Teflon pan instead of frying them.

When my children were little and Fridays were meatless it was a real challenge to come up with meals that the children would enjoy as well as my husband, Nick. Tuna fish sandwiches were fine as a luncheon dish, but something different was needed for the suppers.

I remembered that my mother would often make a pasta sauce with tuna and that it was tasty. I thought I'd add a new twist by somehow forming the tuna into balls by thinking of the tuna as a substitute for ground meat.

Voila! Tuna balls.

Try this recipe and let me know how you like it. It is so easy to make!



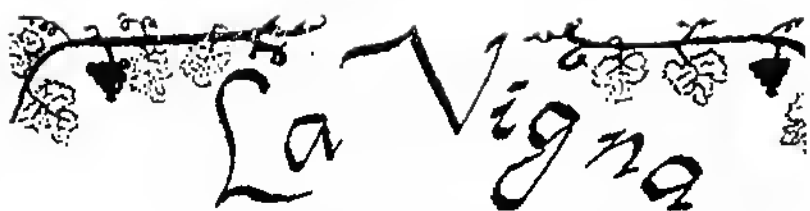
PICNIC UPDATE..PICNIC UPDATE..PICNIC UPDATE

This just in from our Pinic Tracking Station:

This year's La Vigna Family Picnic is a force to be reckoned with...More fun than humanly possible...
More excitement than most normal people can experience in a lifetime...Don't miss it!!

SUNDAY, AUGUST 11, 1pm TIL ????

PICNIC UPDATE..PICNIC UPDATE..PICNIC UPDATE.



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